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Senior Collaborative Recital: Samuel Martin, piano- "Scenescapes: A collaborative program capturing moments from the spectrum of human emotion"

Samuel Martin

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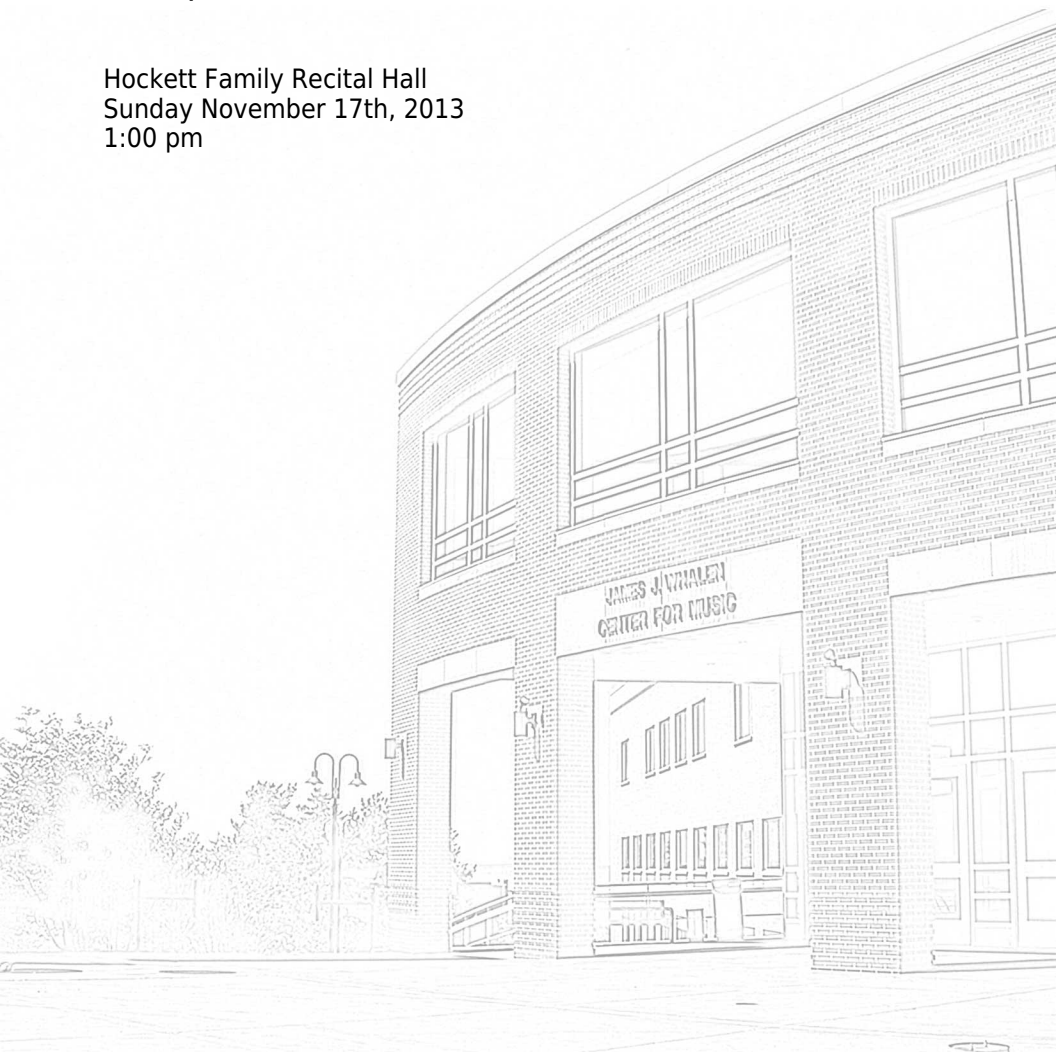
Senior Collaborative Recital:

Samuel Martin, piano

Scenescapes

A collaborative program capturing moments from the spectrum of human emotion

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday November 17th, 2013
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sonata for Piano and Violin No. 2 in A Major, Johannes Brahms
Op. 100 (1886) (1833-1897)
Allegro amabile
Andante tranquillo - Vivace - Andante - Vivace di più - Andante - Vivace
Allegretto grazioso (quasi andante)
Laura Sciavolino, violin

"Le jour naissait dans le bocage..." Gaetano Donizetti
from *La fille du régiment* (1840) (1797-1848)
Marie: Deborah Montgomery-Cove, soprano
The Marquise of Birkenfeld: Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano
Sulpice: Marc Webster, bass

Intermission

from *Ariettes oubliées* (1885-87) Claude Debussy
C'est l'extase (1862-1918)
Il pleure dans mon cœur
Green
Lyndsey Boyer, soprano

Suite No. 2 for Two Pianos, Op. 17 (1901) Sergei Rachmaninoff
IV. Tarantella (1873-1943)
Mengfei Xu, piano

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Piano Performance with a Collaborative Emphasis. Samuel Martin is from the collaborative studios of Diane Birr and Charis Dimaras.

There will be a reception in the third floor lounge following the program.

Donizetti, La fille du régiment

Donizetti's frothy comedy mixes humor with a rush of melody and notorious vocal challenges. The story concerns a young orphan girl, Marie, raised by an army regiment as their mascot and begins at the moment of her first stirrings of love. Complications (and comedy) ensue when her true identity is discovered.

In this scene, The Marquise of Berkenfield has arranged a marriage between Marie and Scipion, nephew of the Duchess of Krakenthorp. Sulpice, seargent of the 21st regiment, is at the castle recovering from an injury, and is supposed to be helping the Marquise with her plans to gentrify Marie in preparation for the wedding. The Marquise gives Marie a singing lesson, accompanying her at the piano. Encouraged by Sulpice, Marie slips in phrases of the regimental song, and the Marquise loses her temper.

Debussy, Ariettes oubliées C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le choeur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,

Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

It is the langorous ecstasy,
It is the fatigue after love,
It is all the rustling of the wood,
In the embrace of breezes;
It is near the gray branches:
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!
It babbles and whispers,
It resembles the soft noise
That waving grass exhales.
You might say it were, under the
bending stream,
The muffled sound of rolling
pebbles.

This soul, which laments
And this dormant moan,
It is ours, is it not?
Is it not mine? - tell me - and yours,
Whose humble anthem we breathe
On this mild evening, so very
quietly?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
oh the song of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des
feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que
pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux
mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble
présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à
mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds
reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la
délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma
tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers
baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne
tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposez.

Here are some fruit, some flowers,
some leaves and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which
beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white
hands,
And may the humble present be
sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to
freeze on my forehead.
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your
feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will
refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head
to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant
tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you
are resting.